

# FLANDERS' FIELDS



The Poem By  
THE LATE LIEUT. COL. JOHN D. McCRAE  
Set to Music By  
ALFRED HILES BERGEN

## Flanders' Fields

In Flanders' Fields the poppies grow  
Between the crosses, row on row,  
That mark our place, while in the sky  
The larks, still singing bravely, fly  
Unheard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago  
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset's glow,  
Loved and were loved, and now we lie  
In Flanders' Fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe;  
To you, from failing hands, we throw  
The torch; be yours to hold it high;  
If ye break faith with us who die  
We shall not sleep, tho' poppies blow  
In Flanders' Fields.

To C. L. S.

# Flanders' Fields

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Lt. Col. JOHN D. McCRAE

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*Tempo Marcia Funebre*

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in D minor, 4/4 time, marked *Tempo Marcia Funebre*. The introduction features a somber melody in the right hand and a steady, rhythmic accompaniment in the left hand, with the word *sostenuto* written below the bass staff. The vocal melody enters in the second system, starting with the lyrics "In Flanders' Fields the pop-pies grow". The piano accompaniment continues with a steady rhythm, marked *rit.* (ritardando) and then *a tempo*. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics "Be-tween the crosses, row on row,..... That mark our place,..... while in the sky The larks, still singing brave-ly, fly Un-heard, fly Unheard, a -". The piano accompaniment provides a steady harmonic support throughout the vocal lines.

*sostenuto*

*pp*

*rit.*

*a tempo*

In Flanders' Fields the pop-pies grow Be -

tween the crosses, row on row,..... That mark our place,..... while in the

sky The larks, still singing brave-ly, fly Un-heard, fly Unheard, a -

mid the guns be - low..... We are the dead,

*pp*

Short days a-go.... We.... lived,.... felt.... dawn, saw sunset's glow,.....

Loved and were loved,..... and now we lie..... In Flanders'

Fields. Take up our quarrel with the foe; To....

*pp* *L.H.* *L.H.* *accel.* *cresc.* *ff*

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you, from fail-ing hands, we throw The torch; be yours ..... to hold it

*ff* *Agitato*

high; If ye break faith with us who die,

*pp* *Recitativo ad lib.* *pp* *a tempo*

We shall not sleep, tho' poppies blow In Flanders' Fields.

*pp* *Legato* *pp*

*rit.*

Dedicated to the British People

# ENGLAND MY ENGLAND

Poem by  
WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

Music by  
ALFRED HILES BERGEN

*Tempo Marcia*



*Andante Religioso*



*Sempre Marcia*



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